

## STAGE BABIES HAVE A PARTY

ANNUAL CHILDREN'S DAY AT TWELFTH NIGHT CLUB.

The Guests Ranged From Six Months Up and Gave Recitations and Dances. Lonely Reward of Virtue—A Bit of Realism—Rite of an Actress' Club.

If any one had a doubt that the annual children's party at the Twelfth Night club would be a success all that was necessary to do to dispel the doubt was to drop around to the clubrooms in the Berkeley Lyceum at half after 4 and take a good look.

There were all the marks of a jolly good time. One small boy greets you hospitably with the inquiry "Will you hold my paper?" and when you assure him of your readiness not only to hold that but to hold him as well, he hands you a paper which is a paper mache nose to which is attached a peacock feather and which gives when applied to the face a very

Davies is the belle of the occasion. Miss Davies, aged 2, comes under the escort of Miss Virginia Harned, with whom she plays every day, and Mrs. Lella McBirney, of the executive committee, with whom she plays every other day.

Miss Davies looks something like a Bouguereau infant plucked from the canvas and dressed in daintiness. She has two little red spots on her pink cheeks which are marks of intense excitement; she has violet eyes and curls of real gold. Popularity usually demands a tribute in fagged looks and weary eyes. It does not seem to have done so in her case, for although she was a bridemaid at a wedding the day before she is as fresh and bright as if she knew nothing at all about the strenuous life of New York. She even consents to recite her piece.

Miss Davies, who it is rumored is going to make a great hit on the stage some day, recited with perfect naturalness and an attractive lack of mannerisms something that dealt with love and moonbeams and nights in June and thrushes' songs. If one could venture a criticism on a supreme



EARLY TALENT AT THE TWELFTH NIGHT CLUB.

red tie. When his balloon, properly aimed, hit her plumb in the eye he claps his hands delightedly. He hadn't dared breathe his love before, but the message has done it for him. The little girl, with true feminine forgiveness—the kind that is born to wed—holds her weeping eye and smiles at him gratefully.

That virtue has a lonely reward is now proved. The chairs are arranged for "Going to Jerusalem," and when the music begins the children make a rush for the seats. As the game advances it is noticed that only one little girl adheres closely to the time honored rules.

She does not push or scratch or make

any undue exhibition of a frantic desire to get a chair away from some one else. The consequence is that toward the close of the game when there is every possibility that she may win the prize some one else resorts to autocratic methods and she loses her place.

She is silent for a moment, and then a shrieking, kicking, yelling mass of humanity is carried into the hall, and for half an hour means of quieting are employed. A scientific member of the wall flower group tries to explain the psychology of the affair.

"She's been taught that it's wicked to cheat and that something awful will get

you if you do," she says, "and she can't understand how it is that such methods succeed. It is merely a case of theory versus practice."

"Every child has to go through that experience, and it causes the biggest mental turmoil. I was sick for a week once when I was little and a girl I knew who used to tell the most dreadful falsehoods was invited somewhere I wasn't. I thought the whole scheme of creation had gone wrong and I never accepted with the same unflinching belief the teaching of my parents after that."

"I don't believe any child does. It's really an awful moment."

A small girl in blue interrupts the discussion. She is one of the group of children in "The Candy Shop," and has all the aplomb of the trained actress. She recites a very modern song in which the line "He says that cauculation causes germs" is the refrain. She has a natural lisp, and cauculation suffers thereby to such an extent that nobody would be kept from its practice by her advice, but you can't help admiring her earnestness.

As an encore she has a little French chanson where the allurements of an

ain't got no time to listen to no wedding bells, I ain't got no time to listen to no babies' yells," the youngest visitor lifts her six months old voice into the blue empyrean with a fervor that needs no foot note to explain that she has something to say on the subject of whether Miss Bessie will listen or not.

Miss Bessie goes on imperturbably and adds a few dancing steps. She does not even glance in the direction of the disturber, but later on in a quiet corner she tells you confidentially that she doesn't see what there is in babies for people to make a fuss about 'em. She thinks that they get in the way and make too much noise. She thinks that if people have babies they ought to keep them at home, where they belong. Miss Bessie is 7.

Ormonde de Kay, son of Charles de Kay, is the cynosure of every little girl's eye in the room. He is very handsome and extremely nonchalant in regard to feminine approval, a combination that rarely fails to appeal to the other sex. Two small girls get into a squabble over the question of which direction he shall go and hard words ensue.

It is noted that the committee of ar-

Tinker is a very amiable fairy every child is touched and every child gets a prize, but there is always the possibility that a touch may be missing, and so excitement keeps tense.

While preparations for departure are being made Mrs. Edwin Arden, the president of the club, who recently succeeded Mrs. Alice Fischer Harcourt, explains that the annual children's party is only one of the interesting functions of the organization, which has as active or associate members nearly all the dramatic talent in New York.

The original society was formed by Alice Fischer, Vida Croly and Eleanor Tyndale with a few regulations and a large hospitality and a little later Eleanor Tyndale became its president.

As no feminine club could at that time be formed that did not have a serious object in view, it was designed to have the spirit of comradeship served by three of the latter day pastimes: fencing, athletics and dancing. The club took its first name from the initials and was known on its stationery and elsewhere as the F. A. D.'s. The first clubrooms were on East Twenty-third street and the social meetings be-



THE YOUNGEST.

expressive appearance. He is William Lackey, Jr., and later leads the merry, merry May pole dance until all the participants get tangled up in green, yellow and red streamers.

The very smallest and daintiest bit of childhood present is Miss Miller, aged 6 months. You are told that her mother is the former Jessie Glendinning, daughter of John Glendinning, while father is simply mentioned as Son-son of Henry Miller, you know.

There is a matinee girl at the party with a borrowed baby as excuse, and when she hears that Henry Miller not only has a granddaughter but that it is present in the flesh she is startled.

"Henry Miller—a grandchild!" she shrieks. "I don't believe it."

"Why, this is it," answers the person addressed, poking the youngest visitor gently in the lungs, at which she emits a soft gurgle.

"I don't care; I don't believe it," is the only answer made.

By consent of everybody except the mothers of other children Miss Dorothy

work of art it is that her articulation is not quite as distinct as it might be.

A little touch of simplicity was given when half way through Miss Davies stopped with her finger on her lips, said "Oh, I forgot my courtesy," and began again at the beginning with rare patience and forethought. She was loudly applauded and received her honors more meekly than she did her cake, over which she became quite ecstatic. It is said that she has a far for cake, cares more for it than for orchids or tiaras, a penchant which will make it easier for her adorer later on if she remains faithful to the habits of early years.

John Mason drives up in an automobile with a whole bundle of pipes which are distributed to the boys and girls with equal impartiality. If the pipes don't keep them busy and interested for a wretched hour they do for at least ten minutes, for when they are smoked properly red and blue balloons come out of the bowls.

There has been one desperate flirtation between a little girl in a rose hood gown and a small boy in knicker and a



"CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

abstinence frappé are set forth with a fervor that makes you question whether real dramatic expression is dependent at all on actual experience or is merely a matter of inspiration and sympathetic understanding. She is 6.

Miss Lillian Ross rises to her white kidded boots and the platform where she stands with her hands behind her back and glances reproachfully at the small boy who has entreated her not to talk much for the cake's coming. She has apparently all the true artistic contempt for more food when the spirit calls. She explains in four stanzas that one Patricia Salome's real name is Bridget McShane of the stage.

Miss Lillian Ross's admirer whispers one word in her ear as she returns pink and triumphant to her seat: "Punk!" Later on he pokes her in the ribs with his elbow, so peace is restored.

A bit of realism, as true in its way as the deck swabbing scene in "A Fool There Was," accompanies the recitation of Miss Bessie Shrednecky, who used to play in "Her Only Way," and recites by request one of her famous coon songs. When Miss Bessie announces that "I

rangements take rare breathing spells and only suggest games when the complications of the function get tangled to such a degree that strenuous measures have to be adopted. Mr. de Kay receives gratefully the suggestion that he shall lead in a game called "Blowing the Candle," but even then peace does not descend immediately on his much racked soul, for each little girl holds a hand to keep him from losing his balance and after he has started the game he gives up all idea of resistance and retires with his captors to watch the lung power of the rest of the boys, who, hand-capped, have greater records to their credit.

Refreshment time finds none unready. The game of "Tinker Bell" is on at the time and stops abruptly.

"Tinker Bell" is a very graceful affair, the children sitting in a circle on the floor with eyes covered by the hands and Tinker Bell dressed in red scarfs and a spangled gown with a musical bell in her hand touches one after another, a fairy touch, to which the child responds by raising and joining the group in the corner. If you are touched you get a prize and as

came celebrated. Selena Fetter Royce, wife of the playwright, was one of the active members and other were Viola Allen, one of the first presidents; Isabel Irving, Eleanor Robson, Annie Russell and Bijou Fernandez.

The unique rule was made then that at the afternoon receptions held once every month only one man should be entertained and all others of his sex excluded for the time being from the clubhouse. It was intended that Edwin Booth should be the first guest, but he died before the idea could be carried out. Joseph Jefferson was therefore the first guest of honor. Since then nearly every actor of note has had his day and it is one of the subtle methods of amusement of the club members to compare the sang froid of the isolated specimens of masculinity facing the hundreds of members and guests on these occasions. It is said that John Drew kept nearest the stairway and had the wariest eye open for escape.

Robert Hilliard, the last guest, looked with open delight at the notice of a swimming pool downstairs, as one who having taken one plunge might desire another.

Geraldine Farrar sang to the club last winter and when in 1906 Bejane visited she left a characteristic autograph, "Un souvenir d'une heure charmante d'une exquise Présidente." Charles Wyndham wrote: "A good woman is an understudy for an angel," and Dave Warfield announced that he loved all the members of the club.

The officers at present are: Mrs. Arden, president; Percy Haswell, first vice-president; Beatrice Herford, second vice-president; with an executive corps consisting of Amelia Bingham, Louise Collins, Lella McBirney and Julia Pearl.

The latest achievement of which the club is proud is the raising of the mortgage and the payment of the taxes on the property of Clara Morris, for whom it recently gave a benefit performance and raised \$3,000.

## ACTRESSES AID SUFFRAGISTS

"HOW THE VOTE WAS WON" AN AMUSING SKETCH.

It Depicts a General Strike of Self-Supporting Women, Which Induces Men to Agree to Woman Suffrage at Once—Features of a Suffragette Fair.

LONDON, April 29.—The strongest allies that the suffragettes in London have secured in a body are the actresses. The Actresses' Franchise League has many hundreds of members and they are doing all they can to help in the movement. Their efforts are more or less philanthropic, for they admit that they need the vote less than any other women in the world, the theatrical profession being alone in England in paying women as well as men.

Last week the Woman's Freedom League held a great fair at Caxton Hall. They called it the Green, White and Gold Bazaar, and it differed in only one way from the ordinary church or charity fair. The same sort of useless things were sold,

played. Theatrical husbands were contributors also, and crowds flocked to the two rooms all day long, for it is not often that one can see Ellen Terry in a sketch for a shilling, or hear Henry Ainley reciting and Max Darewski at the piano for sixpence.

Ellen Terry opened the fair on the first day. She wore the fifteenth century costume of a lady of rank. Her gown was a sweeping robe of pale green enriched with much gold embroidery and half veiled by a long cloak of dull gold color. Around her neck was a long rope of amber beads and on her head she wore the veiled headpiece with cushioned pads over the ears. Her daughter, Miss Edith Craig, was with her and wore a long clinging gown of old brocade with full white cambric sleeves.

The second day, Miss Lena Ashwell made a speech. She did not don a fifteenth

They have no grievance against her, they say, but they are going to the workhouse till they get the vote.

In despair the young wife turns to her strong minded sister who, decked in suffragette colors, is about to lead a procession, and the sister explains that the women have struck at last. Every woman has put down her work and gone to her nearest male relative to be supported till she gets the vote, or failing a male relative she has gone to the workhouse.

When the bumptious and loquacious master of the house comes home his horrified wife explains matters to him, but he is only amused at this new suffragette freak. Then the feminine relatives begin to arrive, bag and baggage.

First comes a young woman journalist, a very distant cousin. She has given up her work and come to live with him. Then follow his timid sister, who for years has been governess in an aristocratic family where she has been systematically snubbed; a fashionable dress-maker, of whose relationship he had hitherto been ignorant but who has papers to prove her claim upon him; a music hall singer whose existence he has ignored for very shame of her, and finally an old aunt who has calmly thrown up her successful Bloombury boarding house, turned her boarders out and come to end her days with him since she has no civic rights.

All the bumptious gentleman's arguments fade away in horror at this invasion. News keeps coming in from distracted neighbors that theatres are closed and shops left deserted. Duchesses are getting soldiers to come in and do the washing and cooking for them, and all is unheard of confusion.

Up jumps the master of the house, seizes a suffragette flag and makes a

etta given by some Parisian performers who are now in town, was another of the hits, while Cicely Hamilton's wax works, in which suffragettes, policemen and Cabinet Ministers figured largely, were really well worth seeing.

Miss Esther Palliser gave a musical sketch, with Robert Whitworth, Mrs. Liza Lehmann played in "The Happy Prince," by Oscar Wilde, and accompanied her "Nonsense Songs." Miss Tita Brand recited, Marie Shedlock told stories. Miss Jeanne Laurent gave her "Poems." Mrs. Natalia de Maxia sang Spanish songs, and Marie Lloyd sang one or two of her ditties.

All the programmes were sold by pretty chorus and show girls, and those



It was impossible that this state of things should continue for long. From every corner of the land—from the factory where the spindles stood idle, from the shops where the clerks were dismissed, from the streets where the perspiring shopwalker strove in vain to fill the pockets of fifteen young ladies at once, from the suburban villa and the ducal mansion alike there arose a long drawn cry of despair.

actresses or singers or dancers who could not come contributed packages of picture postcards of themselves with their photographs to be sold.

The managers of the fair admit that as far as the sale itself went no extraordinary amount of money was made, indeed they confess to some slight disappointment on that score, but box office receipts for the continuous performance were unprecedented in suffragette records and made the bazaar a success.

Where "Uncle Tom" Was Written.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The old Kennedy homestead at Covington in which Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the first chapters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be torn down.

The house was built in 1787, with loopholes and lookouts. The heavy oak doors and window shutters still bear heavy indentations made by tomahawks and dozens of arrow heads are still imbedded in heavy log sides.

Japanese Girl's College Honors.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

With the degree of bachelor of divinity a Japanese, Miss Oshima Okubo, was graduated from the Pacific Theological Seminary with six other students when the commencement exercises of the seminary were held on Tuesday morning at the First Congregational Church.

Miss Okubo is also registered in sophomore work at the University of California and lives in Oakland.

## YOUNGSTERS AT THE HELM.

A Seasoned Observer Gives His Reasons for Being in Favor of It.

"I entirely agree," said an elderly man, "of the modern tendency toward putting youngsters at the helm. In the first place it adds to the interest of living, and in the second place it is good for the youngsters."

"Our knowledge cannot embrace all things. The things that we know the most accurately are the corrections of our blunders. There is no other way of lodging a fact so firmly in the mind of the average intelligent person as to have it find its place there as the correction of a humiliating blunder."

"The inexperienced make blunders. Some of them do little else but make blunders. Therefore if they are fairly intelligent they learn fast and eventually become useful, and by the time they are replaced by youngsters they know how to find entertainment in seeing others go through the educational process which they themselves have undergone."

"William M. Evans said to a graduating class at Yale University: 'You youngsters think that we old fellows are fools; we old fellows know that you are.' A poet wrote:

No other wisdom's half so great as youth. It does not grope. But tears to honor's citadel and storms the gates of hope.

"There are a few who are willing to learn by the slow process of acquiring knowledge from the successes of others; there are many who are eager unwittingly to put themselves in the way of acquiring it through their own failures. As a man who has little left for him but to interest himself in the contemplation of the drama of life I am decidedly in favor of the latter method. It is more interesting."

"But you say that the interests entrusted to raw youngsters must suffer? Well, what of it? It's doing the youngsters good and bringing them by what is perhaps the shortest route to a condition in which other interests may be safely entrusted to them. It is a source of entertainment for those who have been through the same mill."

"Here is a very inconspicuous example: When I was a youngster I happened to be plunked into a place where the success of the business depended upon my knowing something. Did I have any doubts about my knowing it all? Not a doubt."

"The suspicion never crossed my mind that there was any small detail of the business of which I was not master—by intuition. Of course I wrecked the business, but after it had gone to smash I began to examine myself to see if I could find some small detail of the business of which I could indulge a reasonable hope that I could demonstrate that I had some accurate knowledge."

"I found that my failures had taught me enough to begin with in a very humble capacity in the same line of work. I made fair headway and by the time I arrived at middle age I could be safely trusted to do work in one branch of a business of the same nature as that in which as the king pin I had caused heavy loss to the owners and had learned a few things."

"Oh, yes; I'm in favor of a young blood, but things move in one direction or another, and it is a source of varied and continuous entertainment."

## IDAHO TO FEED ELK.

Effort to Prevent Winter Slaughter by Tusk Hunters.

From the Idaho Statesman.

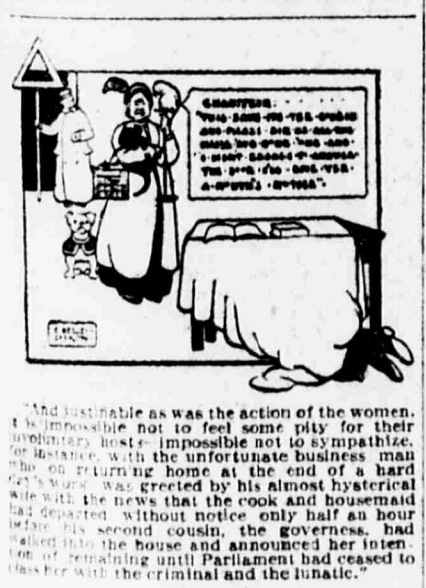
An effort will be made by the State to prevent as far as possible a repetition of the wanton destruction of large numbers of elk which took place in Fremont county last winter.

The animals had been driven by extreme hunger to approach the settlements, and were from starvation and struggling in the unusually deep snow when they reached the lowlands were killed and skinned. In many cases reduced to mere skeletons their meat could not be used.

The idea of the game warden is to arrange if possible to have cheap hay shipped into

the country where the elk abound and place it where the animals when their natural food supply gives out will be able to find food. Several of the ranchers in the elk country have put out hay for the animals for a number of years and they have not been long in locating it when the snow gets deep in the hills. In this manner they are enabled to keep in good condition throughout the winter and when spring arrives return to their usual haunts.

The eastern part of the State forms the principal range for these animals which the authorities are endeavoring to protect from the pot hunters and specimen seekers. Stringent laws have been enacted, which if carried out will go a great way toward protecting the king of North American game animals.



the same efforts to make the embarrassed visitor buy were used, the same hesitation and reluctance in giving change occurred. All the good old methods were employed to make it a financial success.

Costumes of the fifteenth century were worn, that period being an age in which, according to suffragette history, women had greater privileges than at the present time. Out costume bazaars have long ceased to be a novelty in London. A novelty was the assistance given by the Actresses' Franchise League. Almost every well known actress, singer and dancer helped in some way.

The theatrical element had a room of its own and held a continuous performance. Recitations, dances, songs, etc., began at 12 and continued till 11 at night. There was another continuous performance hall where short sketches were



Working women of every grade—factory hands, shopgirls, teachers, typists, journalists, and the vast army of domestic servants—bound themselves together in a common league, and on the appointed day the blow was struck. The word had gone forth that every woman was to cease work until such time as her work was recognized by the State and that until the State did recognize it she was to demand support and the necessities of life from her nearest male relative, however distant.

century costume but wore ultra modern spring clothes.

Miss Terry played in a sketch each evening from 8:45 to 9:15. It was called "At a Junction," and was a scene between two women who conversed at a railway station upon the suffrage question.

Miss Suzanne Sheldon, Henry Ainley and Mr. Danney gave a performance of "Kiddie," by Cyril Twyford, and Mrs. Mouillot's company played "The Lady Burglar."

All the sketches and performances brought in the suffrage question in one form or another. The cream of them all was Cicely Hamilton's "How the Vote Was Won," written particularly for the occasion and played by an all star cast. Some sketches by Miss Hamilton illustrating a pamphlet on the same topic are reproduced here.

The one act was in a middle class home. The young mistress of the establishment, who does not believe in giving the women a vote, finds her husband is opposed to it, finds herself left without servant.



"Employers of labor wanted their hands back; they found those who found themselves both in their public capacity as taxpayers and in their private capacity as relatives called upon to support women who had hitherto supported themselves wanted to get rid of them at any cost—even the cost of the vote."

long speech as to why women should have the vote and at once. Then, decked in suffragette colors, he dashed out of the house and into the streets shouting "Votes for women!" at the top of his voice.

Athene Seyler, the new ingenue who has charmed London, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Maud Hoffmann, Madeleine Roberts, Auriel Lee and several others were delightful as the women on strike, while Nigel Playfair made a properly dominant and then much dominated husband.

"La Suffragette," a little French oper-

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